

Who to *Philippi* heere comforted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steeds, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

Messa. Belceuz not so.

Cassi. I but belecue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Euen so *Lucilius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaille, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaille,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Therow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Roman,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euermourning farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius*;
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'll smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Loud Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octavius*'s wing:
And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,

Who hauing some aduantage on *Octavius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whil'st we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, looke *Titinius*!
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou louest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*
Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My fight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.

This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sitra, what newes?
Pind. About. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes?
Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Showt.*

And hearke, they shout for ioy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,
That whatsoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cassius*'s bowels, searce this bosome,
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword — *Cassius*, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pind. So, I am free,
Yet would not so haue beene
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These rydings will well comfort *Cassius*.
Messa. Where did you leaue him.

Titin. All disconforted,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?
Titin. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doste sinke to night;

So

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soone concey'd,
Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuened, shall
be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'st thou send me forth braue *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing. *(showts)*
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, yong *Cato*,
Strato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?
Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is vpward.

Cato. He is slaine.

Bru. O *Iulius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrails. *Loud Alarums.*

Cato. Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?
The last of all the Romans, far thee well:
It is impossible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no teares
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Thursus* send his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Least it discomfort vs. *Lucilius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,
Labio and *Flauio* set our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*,
and *Flavius*.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,

Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?

Why now thou dyest, as brauely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato*'s Sonne.

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

2. *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1. *Sold.* He tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is hee?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy

Shall euer take aliue the Noble *Brutus*:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you do finde him, or aliue, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,

Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue

Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,

And see where *Brutus* be aliue or dead,

And bring vs word, vnto *Octavius* Tent:

How euery thing is chaic'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Brutus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Strato*,
and *Volumnius*.

Bru. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.

Bru. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearken thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Clit. He rather kill my selfe.

Bru. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,

That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What sayes my Lord?

Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Cassius* hath appear'd to me

Two feuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;

And this last Night, here in *Philippi* fields:

I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,

Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Loud Alarums.*

It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,

Then tarry till they push vs. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:

Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee

Hold thou my Sword Hilt, whilst I runne on it.

Volum. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum Still.

Clit. Fly,